Bradford Opinion.

VOL. XVI. ORANGE COUNTY PUBLISHING CO., Proprietors, BRADFORD, VT., SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881. TERMS: $2.00 per year, 50 cents less in advance. NO. 8

BUSINESS CARDS.

EMORY B. SMITH,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW, & SOLICITOR IN EQUITY.
FIRE INSURANCE.
ORFORD, - - - N. H.

ALBERT B. BUTTERFIELD,
RESTAURANT,
MAIN ST., BRADFORD.
Fruits, Confectionery, Nuts, Vegetables Best Tobacco and Cigars, Canned Goods Raisins, &c., &c.,
Oysters and Fresh Fish in their season.
Oysters cooked to order. Call in.

STEVENS & LIBBEY.
LIVERY STABLE, rear of Trotter House. Barge to and from all passenger trains. Good horse, single or double, always ready at reasonable prices.
BRADFORD. - - - -

ABBOTT'S MILLS,
FAIRLEE, - - VT
Corn Meal per hund. $1.25
Corn per bu. .65
Short per hund. 0.00

W. M. ORDWAY.
MANUFACTURER OF
FINE HARNESSES
and dealer in Saddlery Goods, Horse Clothing, Carriages, Sleighs, etc., etc.
CHELSEA, - - - VERMONT.

E. M. COLLINS
DEPUTY SHERIFF AND AUCTIONEER,
West Topsham, - - - Vermont

TRAVELER'S HOME.
CORINTH, - - - - - VERMONT.
Meals, Lodging and Horse Keeping, Board by the day or week, at reasonable prices. Warm rooms, good Stabling. W. M. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
ALSO
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Sawed Shingle
of all kinds. Carriages repaired in the best manner at living prices.

C. O. BURNHAM,
Auctioneer.
WEST FAIRLEE, - - VERMONT
SALES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO,
And advertising gotten up at low rates.

J. W. BALDWIN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS IN
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Beans,
all kinds of
Country Produce,
AND POULTRY,
185 SOUTH MARKET STREET, - BOSTON.
References—Edward Sands, President Traders' National Bank, Boston; Nathan Robbins, President Faneuil Hall National Bank, Boston; Henry Mayo & Co., Boston; S. S. Sleeper & Co. Boston Smith Gage & Co. Portland, Me, Henry Chase, Lyndon, Vt., George Baldwin, Bradford, Vt.

JOHN H. WATSON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Master and Solicitor in Chancery.
Collections promptly attended to.
Bradford, - - - - Vermont

BRADFORD SAVINGS BANK & TRUST COMPANY
BRADFORD, VT.
PAID UP CAPITAL, - - $50,000.
Receives Deposits, Makes Collections, and does General Banking Business.
L. F. HALE, TREASURER.

G. W. CHAMBERLIN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CORINTH, - - VERMONT.
Office at G. W. Hale's residence.

E. H. FARNHAM,
NEWBURY, - - - - VT.
Carriage & Sleigh Maker.
SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING,
—AND—
REPAIR WORK
Done at short notice.
A good assortment of picture frames, mouldings, constantly on hand.

TROTTER HOUSE.
BRADFORD, - - - - - - VERMONT.
The undersigned having purchased the above once repaired and refurnished the same is now open to the traveling public. Free coach to and from all day and night trains. A good livery stable connected with the House.
A. L. FABYAN, Proprietor.

A. M. CARPENTER,
DEPUTY SHERIFF. COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY MADE.
CORINTH, - - - - - VT.

E. W. SMITH.
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Master and Solicitor in Chancery.
WELLS RIVER, - - - - VT

ALEX. DUNNETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Collections a Specialty.
SOUTH RYEGATE, - - - - Vt

FARNHAM & CHAMBERLIN,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW.
Masters and Solicitors in Chancery.
Particular attention to collections and practice in New Hampshire Courts.
BRADFORD, VT.
R. FARNHAM. PHIN CHAMBERLIN.

GEO. W. RICHARDSON.
Dealer in
General Merchandise
EAST HAVERHILL, N. H.

R. M. HARVEY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Master and Solicitor in Chancery.
WEST TOPSHAM, - - - - Vt.

J. K. DARLING,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Master and Solicitor in Chancery.
EAST CORINTH, - - Vt.

NOTICE!
All persons having accounts with the undersigned are requested to call and settle immediately as he is closing out his business and will leave the state inside of two weeks.
C. E. FELCH.
Bradford, May 4, 1881.

Feminine Politics.

WHAT MRS. SPOOPENDYKE LEARNED CONCERNING THE DEAD-LOCK.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding a piece of lace to her overskirt and wondering whether she had better plait it on or full it; "my dear, who is this Congressman Lock who has just died?"

"What Congressman Lock?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Why, I read in the paper this morning that they couldn't do any business because of the dead Mr. Lock. Did you know him?"

"That ain't a Congressman," said Mr. Spoopendyke. "You read there was a dead-lock in the Senate. Wasn't that it?"

"Yes, and I read it all through, and when I found that Mr. Conkling felt so bad about it, I thought Mr. Lock must be a congressman."

"No he isn't either. The dead-lock means that the Democrats and Republicans can't agree."

"Good gracious! Have they had another falling out? I shouldn't think the Republicans would fight the poor Democrats any more. What have they been doing now?"

"They haven't been doing anything. Sen. Mahone, of Virginia, went over to the Republicans, and—"

"I see," interrupted Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and Mr. Conkling won't have him confirmed. Though I can't understand why they should interfere with Mr. Mahone's religion. If the poor man wants to join the church I—"

"Who wants to join the church? Who's a church? Think Mr. Conkling's a bishop? Got an idea he's an altar? S'pose he's a dod gasted chapel with ivy all over him, a spike fence and a chime of bells? It's Stanley Matthews he don't want confirmed."

"I read about him too," rejoineb Mrs. Spoopendyke. "He's Mr. Garfield's Collector, isn't he?

"No he ain't. That's Judge Robertson, Mr. Garfield wants Judge Robertson for collector, and Mr. Conkling is opposed to him."

"I don't see why he should be. Though of course I should suppose Mr. Garfield would rather have a man like Mr. Mahone, who is going into the church."

"Where's your sense?" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "What d'ye want to mix things up for? Trying to make a grab bag of prominent Americans? Stanley Mathews is candidate for Judge. Mr. Mahone is a Senator, and Robertson is appointed Collector, but, like Mathews, hasn't been confirmed. Can you see through that?"

"Of course, I understaed that, but I don't see any excuse for fighting the Democrats, unless they think that Mr. Robertson would collect money from Mr. Mahone, and Mr. Mathews would send him to jail. In that case it—"

"In that case it would take you to straighten 'em out! squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. "What're you trying to get up now, an idiot asylum? Are you planning for a murder and trying to get up an insanity plea? What d'ye think Robertson's going to collect, hens? Got a notion that Matthews is a penitentiary, sitting around to be leased out? Imagine Mahone to be the National debt? Well, they ain't, they're men, I tell ye. Men with legs," and Mr. Spoopendyke kicked out both his own foothandles by way of illustration. "Conkling is opposed to Matthews and Robertson. He says they shan't be confirmed, but he is a friend of Mahone."

"That's what I didn't see," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I am glad Mr. Mahone will be confirmed, though I don't care for Mr. Matthews and Mr. Robertson. It will teach them to repent their sins and not fly into the face of providence. I'm glad Mr. Conkling is a good Episcopalian."

"Oh! he's a prayer book! howled Mr. Spoopendyke. You've found him out! You've got him! All he wants is a red cushion and a rack nailed up in front of him to be a dod gasted mourner's bench! Didn't I tell ye he was a Senator? Do you know what a Senator is? It's something shaped like a pie, a measly pie? Understand it now?

"And is Mr. Mahone a Senator, too? asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, a new light dawning upon her.

"No he ain't a Senator!" grinned Mr. Spoopendyke, "he's a lightning rod to keep howling idiots from falling overboard. Begin to see it? And they want him confirmed, so if he finds any dog-gasted old female named Spoopendyke slopping into a canal, he'll slam a church on top of her! Got the idea?"

"Upon my word, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, "you talk extravagantly. Mr. Mahone may fight Democrats, but he would never go around throwing churches at women. I don't know Mr. Mahone, but I don't believe he would do a thing of that kind. As for Mr. Matthews and Mr. Robertson, they know their business best, but if they have abused Mr. Conkling, I would never read one of Mr. Matthew's decisions, and Mr. Robertson might call here every day for a month and he could never even collect the paper bill. I don't think it's right to trust such men with the contribution box, and I know the missionary ladies would never permit him to collect the Subscriptions."

"That's it!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "There's the science of government! All you want now is a saloon in the basement to be the National Capitol! What you need is a gass meter and a veto to be an impoved White House. When Robertson comes here for the milk bill, you pay him, you hear? And when Matthews is Justice of the peace for Brooklyn you have Conkling arrested for stealing coal, you hear! That'll fetch it. You've got the idea now! All you want to do is to live all Summer in the Soldier's Home to be a complete administration! If I had your vision I'd get up on three sticks and hire out as a telescope!"

"Of course I'll do what you say," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, submissively, and if Mr. Conkling should take some of our coal, unless it was by mistake, I should certainly feel like complaining of him. If Mr. Robertson comes I will pay him, though the milk is not as good as the first we got. Perhaps Mr. Matthews will fix that when he gets to be Justice. Do you think Mr. Mahone will come, too?"

"Come! shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke, "of course he'll come. He's liable to be here any minute. He's a burglar. I tell you, and he may come over the back fence to-night! Look out for him—I think I hear him now!" and Mr. Spoopendyke fell clear over himself into bed and and pulled the clothes over his head.

"Now I understand why they have a dead-lock," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke, pushing the table against the door, as a precaution against the marauding Mahone, and then examining a pimple on her elbow; "it's because these ambitious Senators and collectors and justices and burglars fight these poor Democrats all the time. I suspected there would be no end of trouble when Mr. Garfield beat Mr. Arthur for the Presidency. For my part, I would rather be General Grant and get all the money, though I don't see what he wants with it, now he has sold out the World's Fair;" and Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled into bed, wondering how she was to tell Mr. Mahone from Mr. Robertson, and whether Mr. Conkling would be content with what he could carry, or if he might not also demand her new chudda cloth dress, with cut steel buttons.

Astor House Corn Bread.

One quart of buttermilk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of baking soda, two table spoonsful of melted butter; stir in meal until the mixture is about as thick as buckwheat batter. Bake in square tin pans, about an inch thick, half an hour in a hot oven.

The fellow who "would not live alway" should go to Russia and be a czar.

A young man was found hanging to a gate in Pedunk, N. J., Sunday night. He was cut down by an irate father's boot.—[Puck.

It is a time-honored custom in Quincy, Fla., to salute a newly-married couple by firing a cannon. This is to remind those present that the battle of life has fairly begun.

Bettie Green, a Georgia girl, has two sik dresses which she made herself, having raised the worms, spun the silk, colored and wove it with her own hands.

Prof. Proctor, the astronomer, has just married a widow, and he will now see stars that he never before dreamed of.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
From office-seekers just to free us,
And let our friends come in to see us
A little while;
How many carking cares would flee us,
Well, I should smile!
—*Attributed to James A. Garfield.*

The farmer turns the furrow
With a careles unconcern;
And
The farmess works the handle
Of the big old-fashioned churn.

Their son sorts out the 'taters
For plantin', in the cellar;
While
Their daughter on the back porch
Is talkin' to her feller.

The Custer Massacre.

THE TRAGIC ENDING IN A FEARFUL THUNDER-STORM—MIXING MEDICINE TO AID HIS MEN IN THE BLOODY FIGHT.

Sitting Bull, the desperate Indian leader, has recently told the story of the Custer massacre to Major Crozier. He began his account of the engagement by saying that "on the morning of the battle, early at sunrise, two young men who had been out a short way on the prairie came to me and told me that from the top of a high butte they had seen the troops advancing in two divisions. I then had all the horses driven into the camp and corraled between the lodges. About noon the troops came up, and at once rushed upon the camp. They charged in two separate divisions, one at the upper end, whilst the other division charged about the middle of the camp. The latter division struck the camp in the centre of the 250 lodges of the Uncapapa Sioux, and close to the door of my lodge. At the time that the troops charged I was making medicine for the Great Spirit to help us and fight upon our side, and as I heard the noise and knew what it was, I came out. When I had got to the outside of my lodge I noticed that this divission had stopped suddenly close to the outer side of the Uncapapa camp, and then they sounded a bugle and the troops fired into the camp. (Here Sitting Bull made a peculiar noise with his mouth and clapped his hands together to imitate the firing of soldiers.) I at once set my wife upon my best horse, put her war-bonnet on her head, and told her to run away with the rest of the women. She did so, but in her hurry forgot the baby (a girl); after she had gone a little way she thought of the child and came back for it. I gave the child to her and she went off again. I now put a flag upon a lodge-pole, and, lifting it as high as I could, I shouted out as loudly as I was able to my own men, I am Sitting Bull; follow me. I then rushed at the head of them up to the place where I thought Custer was, and just as we got close up to the troops they fired again. (Here Bull again imitated for some length of time the firing of the troops.) When I saw that the soldiers fired from their saddles and did but little damage to us, I ordered all my men to rush through their ranks and break them, which they did, but failed to break the ranks, although we suffered as little damage as before. I then shouted to them to try again, and putting myself at the head of my men, we went at them again. This time, although the soldiers were keeping up a rapid firing (from their horses), we knocked away a whole corner and killed a great many, although I had but one man killed. After this we charged the same way several times and kept driving them back for about half a mile, killing them very fast. After forcing them back there only remained five soldiers of this division and the interpreter alive. Then the interpreter, the man that the Indians called "The White," shouted out in Sioux and said, "Custer is not in this division, he is in the other." I then ordered all my men to come on and attack the other division. They did so, and followed me. The soldiers of this division fired upon us as we got within range, but did us little harm. When we had got quite close and we were just going to charge them, a great storm broke right over us; the lightning was fearful, and struck a lot of the soldiers and horses, killing them instantly. I then called out to my men to charge the troops, and shouted out, "The Great Spirit is on our side! Look how he is striking the soldiers down!" My men saw this, and they all rushed upon the troops, who were mixing up a good deal. About forty of the soldiers had been dismounted by the lightning killing and frightening their horses, and these men were soon trampled to death. It was just at this time we charged them, and then killed them with our "coup-sticks." In this way we killed all this division, with the exception of a few who tried to get away, but were killed by the Sioux before they could get very far. All through the battle the soldiers fired very wild, and only killed twenty-five Sioux. I did not recognize General Custer in the fight, but only thought I did, but I would not be certain about it. I believe Custer was killed in the first attack, as we found his body, about the place that it was made. I do not think there is any truth in the report that he shot himself. I saw two soldiers shoot themselves with their pistols in the head. The body which all the Indians said was Custer's had its hair cut short. There were seven hundred and nine Americans killed. We counted them by putting a stick upon each body, and then taking the sticks up again and counting them. We counted seven hundred and seven carbines. Two might have fallen into the creek."

When Bull had concluded the foregoing account of the battle he turned to Major Crozier and said, "There, I have fought the battle all over again to you, and this I have never done since the time I fought it out in earnest with Gen. Custer.

New York's Fruit Ships.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CARGOES OF FRUIT THAT COME TO THE METROPOLIS.

A New York reporter in quest of information about the business done in the importation of fruit obtained some interesting facts from Major Bostwick, inspector of customs at Burling slip. The consumption of fruit in New York is said to be greater than in any other city in the world. The imports at Burling slip have increased 300 per cent, in the last twelve years, and now there are annually received about two and one-half millions of bunches of bananas, thirty-two million oranges ten million cocoanuts and about three million pineapples. Last year 199 cargoes of fruit were landed there, and this business is crowded into about five months, from March to the end of July. Major Bostwick says that he has seen twenty-one vessels in at one time.

The juicy fruit of the West Indias is of so perishable a nature that it is essential to the trade that cargoes shall be landed and marketed as soon as they arrive. Major Bostwick has known a whole cargo of pineapples, which arrived in marketable condition, to be spoiled in one night, when the air was hot and humid and a thunder-storm came on. The loss by decay last season amounted to about twenty-five per cent. on pineapples, something less on bananas and almost forty per cent. on oranges. The manner in which oranges are gathered greatly affects their condition When they are beaten from the trees with poles, so as to be broken from their stems, they do not keep their soundness nearly so long as when they are clipped from the stem leaving a small portion adhering. The shorter the passage the better the condition in which the fruit arrives. If the passage takes seven days the condition is first rate; it ten days—the average time—the condition is fair; if the passage takes a longer time the chance of getting good fruit is poor. For this reason the schooners of from 100 to 180 tons register engaged in the trade have lines like yachts, and skim the water at racing speed. But even a fast sailer, if caught by northwesters, will sometimes be delayed so as to lose her cargo.

The red-skinnedbananas come from Baracoa, on the northeastern coast of Cuba; the yellow ones from the island of Jamaica. The banana plant bears but one bunch, and is killed when that is gathered. Fresh plants are raised from the seed slips which are found clustered around the base of every bunch. They take from six to eight months to produce mature fruit, and the bunches are cut for export while still green. Cocoanuts are obtained at the same ports, and the usual method of loading vessels is to put in first a load of cocoanuts and then a layer of banana bunches above them. A platform is then put over, and on this another layer of banana bunches is placed. The hatches are kept open as much as possible in order to keep the fruit cool, and if the run takes only ten or twelve days the bananas are fit for market when they arrive. A schooner will bring from 20,000 to 50,000 cocoanuts and from 2,000 to 3,000 bunches of bananas at a time.

Pineapples come from the Bahama islands. The plant is killed with the gathering of the single fruit that it bears, and is reproduced by planting seed slips, as in the case of bananas. The ordinary pineapples are piled together in the hold and the loss from decay is often very great. The sugarloaf pine is a fine, juicy variety that is very perishable, and to have it in a condition at all marketable a good deal of the bush must be taken with the fruit.

The oranges brought to this port in sailing vessels come from Porto Rico. They are stored on platforms in layers, each about fifteen inches thick, from 350,000 to 400,000 coming in a single cargo. Any delay on the passage causes great loss from decay of fruit. Orange and cocoanut trees are perennial bearers, and well-established plantations last a long time.

The business of fruit growing is precarious. The season for hurricanes is just when the banana plants are young, and it is not a rare thing for a plantation to be destroyed in a nay. The orange groves also suffer greatly from storms at times, and are also injured by the attacks of a fly, whose larvæ imbed themselves in the rind of the fruit and the bark of the trees. The chances of a good pineapple crop in the Bahamas are said to be so precarious that sometimes the negro planters working small plantations are reduced to an exclusive fruit diet, which is as near as one gets to starvation there.

Burling slip is not only the landing place of the fruit, but also a market for its sale. There is no necessity to announce arrivals. As soon as a cargo is in dealers cluster around it. Fruitrers, marketmen, grocers and street peddlers are there, and what one dealer will not take another will. Fruit that is too ripe to be taken by a storekeeper is taken at a low price by a street Arab, who begins to cry his stock as soon as he leaves the wharf, and before the day is over it will not only be sold but eaten. The trade is active from the latter part of March into summer, but when the peach and berry crops get into the market the West India fruit trade is flattened out as it by a storm of the tropics.

The value of the green fruit imports of New York was $4,192,831 in 1880, paying duties amounting to $745,437.

The Revised Testament in England.

The London correspondent of the New York Tribune telegraphs that the revised version of the New Testament has been received in England with an almost unbroken chorus of disapproval. Most of the daily papers give elaborate criticism, all condemnatory. These articles quote scores of examples where the changes were purely frivolous and capricious, and denounce the self-opinionated scholarship of the motley combination of theologians and professors which has disfigured, mangled and made unrecognizable some of the noblest passages in the Bible. The Saturday Review complains of the childish pedantry of the revisers, and describes the version as sadly inferior to the old one in general vigor and beauty of language. It predicts that it will never come into general use. It is said that an act of Parliament will be necessary to secure the use of the new version by the Established Church, but the Government have no intention of proposing such an act.

Harpers Magazine for June.

The beginning of the sixty-third volume, is a brilliant number. It is not more attractive from an artist's point of view than it is impressive in a litterary sense; having contributions from the best writers in every one of the many fields covered by its contents. Samuel Adams Drake contributes the first of his promised series of papers on the White Mountains, which is beautifully illustrated; Mrs. Sara A. Hubbard, a paper on our humming birds, with charming illustrations; William Winter, a timely and excellent sketch of Edwin Booth; Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney writes about Lisbon, illustrated, first of a series of papers on portugal; Luigi Monti contributes a brief article on one of the most promising of young Italian sculptors—Benedetto Civiletti—with a portrait, and illustrations of two of his works—the Figure of Dante and Canaris Sciot; Amelia E. Barr is the author of an illustrated article on the Ballads and Ballad Music Illustrating Shakespeare, illustrated; James Parton contributes a curiously interesting article on the Trial of Jeannie Darc; Edward Atkinson gives some important information in a brief paper, entitled Kentucky farms; Saxe Holm contributes a love story, and the serial novels by Miss Woolson and Thomas Hardy are continued, and there are poems by Paul Hayne and Will Carleton. The editorial departments are well sustained.

"Is that cheese rich?" asked Bloggs of his grocer. "Yes," was the honest answer, "There is millions in it."—[Hartford Post.

What was it? I went out in the woods and got it. After I got it I looked for it. The more I looked for it the less I liked it. I brought it home in my hand because I couldn't find it, A sliver.

A Russian Robbery.

THE BOLD MANNER IN WHICH A POLICE OFFICER WAS TAKEN IN.

Those who hava traced the career of that able diplomatist, count Shouvaloff, the late Russian Ambassador to England, will remember that at one time he filled a high position in the Russian Imperial Detective Police at St. Petersburg. In that post he had, at certain periods of the year, large drafts of money granted to him from the imperial treasury with which to pay the secret and other police his orders.

These drafts, when received, he was in the habit of taking it to the house of the famous banker, Baron Stieglitz, to be cashed. Upon one of these occasions he had received the regular draft for 300,000 roubles, to be disbursed among his men, in various amounts. As the amounts varied very much, it was necessary to obtain the payment of the draft in notes both of large and small amounts.

To collect the required amount, the banker requested the count to call in a short period, when the money would be sorted and ready for his receipt.

On this particuiar occasion, it was agreed that Count Shouvaloff should call at, or nearly before, two o'clock in the afternoon. These visits of the chief of the detective police to the rich banker's had long been regarded by the light-fingered brethren of St. Petersburg with eyes of envy, as it was well known to them that on these visits large sums of money changed hands.

The arrangement which had been made between the count and the banker had been overheard by an attentive accomplice, and they now determined to make a bold stroke for the money. Shortly before the appointed time for the transfer of the money, the bank doors opened, and in walked a gentleman, to all appearances Count Shouvaloff, wearing the official uniform; in walk, manner and voice the exact counterpart of the chief of police.

The required notes had been carefully counted and arranged, and directly, on application of the supposed Count, they were handed over with the utmost confidence, and the receipt tendered by the pseudo count.

The bank clerk who attended him to the door, and handed to his official custody the precious package, saw a carriage—in every particular the counterpart of the well-known official equipage. The servant, the horses, even the fittings, were well-known to him as those of the chief of the police, and not one iota of suspicion entered the heads of the bank authorities, as with a graceful bow the supposed august personage took his departure.

Some twenty minutes after the departure of the supposed official, the bank doors again swung open, but this time to admit the real Count Schouvaloff, who at once advanced to the desk to demand the money for the treasury draft.

On the application being made, both banker and clerks were dumbfounded.

"The money, your excellency? Why, you received it but half an hour ago, and here is your receipt!"

Schouvaloff saw at once that he had been robbed, and cleverly robbed, too, and his acute intellect told him that not a moment was to be lost. Assuming a thoughtful attitude for a few seconds, he replied, in a quiet and composed manner:

"Ah, yes! How thoughtless of me! I quite forgot it."

And, with some short apologies, he left the bank.

Among the Russian police, both public and private, it is a standing order to note the movements of the head of the department, in order that, should he be required, he can at any moment be found.

Leaving the bank, Count Shouvaloff accosted the first of his men, and inquired:

"Did you see me pass this way half an hour ago?"

The man, who had, like the banker and clerks, been deceived by the pseudo count, replied at once:

"Yes, you left the bank and drove to the right."

A second man gave further aid, and so the third and fourth, and at last the count learned that he (in duplicate) had been seen to enter a hotel in a side street, and send away his carriage.

Entering the hotel, the count accosted the landlord with some ordinary questions of the day, and, while thus engaged, one of the waiters entered, and started, aghast, to see the count talking to his master.

"Why do you start?" asked Count Shouvaloff.

The waiter replied:

"I have only just left your excellency at dinner in No. 10, and here I find you talking to monsieur."

Shouvaloff had now the required information, and he at once entered the apartment indicated by the waiter, and was brought face to face with his duplicate, who, with his assistant, were just refreshing themselves, prior to a journey to lands far distant.

On the side table was a black bag containing the nicely-assorted notes and the wardrobes of these would-be officials.

The count saluted his double with a hearty welnome, allowed him to finish the meal which he had so ably earned, and then both he and his friend were provided, at government expense, with tourist tickets to Siberia. Their friends have ceased to expect their return.

Fashion Notes.

Rows of feather stitch are set between the machine stitching on the backs of gloves.

The name pagoda is applied to the sleeves which are wide and turn back at the wrist.

An effort to bring back the laced shoe has been made, but buttons still remain in favor.

Waistcoats are still worn with basques. The style is too pretty to be hastily adandoned.

Tubular sashes of knit worsted, ending in tassels, are to be worn by children this summer.

Waists are now cut of crosswise material that the may be tight enough without wrinkling.

Little shoulder capes are all the wrap that will be needed with woolen dresses this summer.

Two deep plaitings and an apron overskirt form the skirt of Paris dresses intended for every day use.

The outside garments worn with morning costumes are longer than those which accompany carriage dress.

Pointed waists are easily converted into well-fitting basques by the addition of deep straight pieces.

Some short skirts instead of being kilt plaited on the edge are shirred and then tucked to make a flounce.

Blue white lace is coming in again, but it is so much less becoming than cream white that its adoption will be slow.

Sarah Bernhardt' fashion of wearing a poke bonnet will be generally followed in this country this summer.

An elastic is put into the tops of some of the new undressed kid gloves, and frills of lace are also sewn upon them.

Garnet grapes with jet leaves veined with gold make up the some what too brilliant design of one of the beaded laces.

Girdles pointed in front are worn with surplice waists. The back of the dress is made perfectly plain and has no belt at all.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

He who works and waits, wins.

A thoroughly neat woman is never an unchaste one.

If there were no listeners, there would be no flatterers.

Common sense is the gift of heaven; enough of it is genius.

Crime is the outgrowth of vice; to stop the former you must weed out the latter.

If contentment is happiness, it is better to be contented with a good deal than a little.

The ambitions and vanities of an old man are too weak and ridiculous to be dangerous.

The man who has no foolishness in his nature probably has something worse in place of it.

There is a kind of honesty that is nothing but fear, and a sort of patience which is nothing but laziness.

We owe one-half of our success in this world to some circumstance, and the other half to taking the circumstance on the wing.

A cunning man is often shrewd but seldom wise. He sets so many traps for others that he generally gets into some of them himself.

Ceremonies and bills of fare seem to be necessary. Many people would not know how to act without the one nor what to eat without the other.

Coquetry is more natural to woman than prudery. A woman seldom out-lives all of her coquetry, and never becomes a prude until she is obliged to.—[Scribner.

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.